Times glorie is to calme contending Kings,
To vnmaske falſhood, and bring truth to light,
To ſtampe the ſeale of time in aged things,
To wake the morne, and Centinell the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy howres,
And ſmeare with duſt their glitring golden towrs.

To fill with worme-holes ſtately monuments,
To feede obliuion with decay of things,
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,
To plucke the quils from auncient rauens wings,
To drie the old oakes ſappe, and cheriſh ſprings:
To ſpoile Antiquities of hammerd ſteele,
And turne the giddy round of Fortunes wheele.

To ſhew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a childe,
To ſlay the tygre that doth liue by ſlaughter,
To tame the Vnicorne, and Lion wild,
To mocke the ſubtle in themſelues beguild,
To cheare the Plowman with increaſefull crops,
And waſt huge ſtones with little water drops.

VVhy

VVhy work'ſt thou miſchiefe in thy Pilg
Vnleſſe thou could'ſt returne to make a
One poore retyring minute in an age
VVould purchaſe thee a thouſand thou
Lending him wit that to bad debters len
O this dread night, would'ſt thou on
I could preuent this ſtorme, and ſhu

Thou ceaſeleſſe lackie to Eternitie,
VVith ſome miſchance croſſe TARQVIN
Deuiſe extreames beyond extremitie,
To make him curſe this curſed crimefull
Let gaſtly ſhadowes his lewd eyes affrig
And the dire thought of his commit
Shape euery buſh a hideous ſhapele

Diſturbe his howres of reſt with reſtleſſ
Affli& him in his bed with bedred gron
Let there bechaunce him pitifull miſch
To make him mone, but pitie not his m
Stone him with hardned hearts harder
And let milde women to him looſe th
VVilder to him then Tygers in their w